

Peig's County Telegraph.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL-DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, COMMERCE, AND NEWS.

\$1.50 in advance.

T. A. PLANTS, Editor.

"Independent in all things—Neutral in nothing."

T. A. PLANTS & Co., Publishers.

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House. Retail, thirty-five cents per bushel. 1-1

SUGAR-RUN Sash Company. Salt twenty-
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1-1

POMEROI Sash Company. Salt twenty-
five cents per bushel. Office near the Furnace.
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twenty-five cents per bushel for country trade.
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with neatness and dispatch.

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trunks to suit with neatness and dispatch. Re-
pairs gotten up in the neatest style.

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PETER CROSBIE, Wagon Maker, Mul-
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notice.

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D. C. WHALEY, Surgeon Dentist,
Business Building and Story, Rathbun street,
Middleport, O. All operations pertaining to the
profession promptly performed. Ladies waited
upon at their residence, if desired.

Poetry.

THE PSALM OF LIFE.
BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem."

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to do that which we should do,
And to love those we should love,
This is the life that we should have.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let that come quick, if it will!
Act, act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'er head!

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of Time.

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall trace heart glad.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for each task;
Let us, then, be all the while,
Living, as we ought to live,
In the midst of the great world.

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and the storm howling overhead, a score
of throats were fiercely yelling each other
on to the feast. For a moment my senses
reeled. But I felt Carry leaning heavily
upon my shoulder, and I awoke.

But what hope was there? I had no
weapon, and the maddened devil were in
our path before and behind us. There
was but one chance, and that was to push
ahead.

There was a slim chance, and I grew
sick as I thought of Carry. The quiet
cabin and happy hearth at home, flashed
swiftly through my brain. At that mo-
ment a dark shadow glided up by the side
of our sleigh, and so wild and devilish
a yell I never heard. My flesh crawled on
my bones; a cold shiver ran to my heart,
and crept over my head, as though the
hairs were standing on end. Two orbs
glared out like demon lights, and I could
hear the panting of the eager beasts.

The horse needed no urging. At the
act, that infernal chorus burst out in
carol, and their dark forms leaped in
lengthened strides on either side of us.—
The speed was fearful, and yet the yelling
devils kept pace. Turning to speak to
Carry, I saw a dark form leap into the path,
and as we sped along, his teeth shut with
a vice-like snap, missing Carry and strip-
ping her shawl from her shoulders. With
a shriek she clung to me, and with my arm
I saved her from being dragged out of her
seat.

I became maddened, reckless. I shouted
to the horse, now reeking with foam.
We went on at a fearful rate, the stumps
and roots and uneven places in the road,
threatened at every instant to wreck our
sleigh.

Home was three miles distant. O, for
a mile to give her a home! As the road
struck the river bank, it turned shortly on
the brink of a fearful precipice. Here
there was a new danger. It was a difficult
place, and there was not only danger of
upsetting, but of being hurled into the
river.

There was a path across this angle of
land where logs had been hauled out. It
was a mile nearer this way to a clearing,
than by the river; but I durst not attempt
it with a sleigh.

On we sped. That fearful pack neck
and neck with us, and every now and then
jaws shutting like steel traps close to our
persons. Once around that angle, and I
hoped. How madly I shouted to the noble
beast. We neared the turn in that race for
life.

Heaven's infernal devils had crossed
ahead, and hung in dark masses. A de-
mon instinct seemed to possess them.
A few moments more! The wolves
seemed to feel that we had a bad chance,
for they howled more devilish than ever.

With a sweep the horse turned in spite of
me. The left runner struck high on the
roots of a pine, and the sleigh swung over
like a flash, burying us in the new snow.
Away sped the horse, and my heart sank
as I heard his quick footsteps dying out
toward home.

The maddened pack had followed the
horse, and shot by us a number of rods as
we were thrown out upon the bank. I
shrieked from Carry arrested them in their
career; in an instant they were upon us.
I gave one long, desperate shout, in the
hope of arousing the folks in the cabins.
I had no time to shout again; hot breath
burned upon me, and the dark masses
gathered around like shadows of doom.

With a broken limb, I wildly kept them at
bay for a moment, but fiercer and closer
charged the gnashing teeth. Carry lay in-
sensible on the ground before me. There
was one more chance. A stunted pine
grew upon the outer edge of the bank,
and shot out nearly horizontally over the
river below, full a hundred feet from the
surface.

Dashing madly on their teeth with my
cudgel, I yelled with the waning energy
of despair, grasped Carry with one arm,
and dashed recklessly out upon the pine.

I thought not of the danger; I cared not.
I braved one danger to escape a greater.
I reached the branches; I breathed free as
I heard the fierce growl of the baffled
enemy.

I turned my head, and God of mercy!
A long shadow was gliding along on the
bank of our last refuge. Carry was help-
less, and it required all the strength of
intense despair to hold her and remain upon
the slippery trunk. I turned to face the
wolf—he was within reach of my arm. I
struck with my fist, and again those fear-
ful jaws shut with a snap, as my hand
brushed his head. With a demoniac growl
he fastened upon the shoulder of Carry!
Oh! for help—for a weapon—for a foothold
on earth, where I could grapple with the
monster.

I heard the long fangs crunch on the
flesh and the smothered breathing as he
continued to make sure his hold. Oh! it
was horrible! I beat him over the head,
but he only designed a mauling growl.
I yelled, wept, cursed, prayed, but the
hungry devil cared not for curses or
prayers. His companions were still howl-
ing and whining and venturing out upon
the pine. I almost wished the tree would
give way.

The wolf still kept his hold upon Carry.
None can dream how the blood blessed and
swept through my knotted veins. At last
the brute, hungry for his prey, gave a
wrench and nearly threw me from the pine.
Carry was helpless and insensible. Even
the crunching teeth of the monster did not
awaken her from the deadly swoon into
which she had fallen. Another wrench
was made by the wolf, and Carry's waist
slipped from my aching grasp, leaving me
but the hold upon the skirt of her dress.
The incarnate devil had not released his
hold, but as if aware of the danger beneath
retained the grip upon the shoulder of
Carry.

The end had come. My brain reeled—
the long body of the wolf hung downward,
like a dark shadow into the abyss, fast
wearing out my remaining strength. The
blood gushed from my nostrils,
and lights danced and flashed across my
eyeballs. The owner and muscles of the
hand would relax, and instantly close
convulsively upon my bleeding skirt. I
heard a tearing of stitches! The
black mass writhed and wrenched as if to
deepen the hold. A cracking, mingled
with the hum of a saw in my head,
and the dress parted at the waist. I
shrieked as I heard the swooping sound of
the fall of the wolf and his victim. As
they shot down into the darkness, I heard
something like the bay of the old house-
dog and the firing of guns, but nothing
more.

Weeks and months passed away before
the fearful delirium of that night left me.
I returned to consciousness in my father's
cabin, an emaciated creature, as helpless
as a child. My youth had passed away,
and I was prematurely old. The raven
blacklocks of twenty years had changed to
the silvery ones of eighty years of age.
Look at this arm that clung to Carry. It
is withered; I have never raised it since
that night. In my dreams I feel again that
fearful night, and awake covered with the
cold, clammy sweat that gathered on me
while on that pine.

The neighing of the horse, as he dashed
into the clearing, had aroused the people at
home. The empty and broken sleigh
told the brief story. The howling of the
wolves arose on the blast, and with guns
and the old house-dog they rushed to the
scene. They found me senseless on the
trunk of the tree, covered with blood, and
the wolf feeling his way on an icy branch
toward me. In turning at the sound of
their approach, he slipped, and went down
upon the ice.

Our people looked long for Carry Mason,
but did not find her till next morning.—
They went down on the ice, and found her
a corpse. The wolves had not picked her
crushed bones—I thanked God for that.
The fall had partially broken the ice, and
the oozing water had frozen and fastened
her long black hair as it floated out. The
wolf had not released his death-grasp; for
his teeth were in her pure, white shoulder.

The spring sunshine, and birds, and
green leaves, had come again, as I tottered
out. My sisters led me to a grave on the
river's bank—the grave of all my youth-
ful hopes, and all I loved. The wild-flowers
were only starting on the mound. I blessed
them for they were blooming over the
grave of Carry Mason.

Communicated.

For the Meigs Co. Telegraph.

Dear Telegraph: We did indulge the
hope that we might have been able to be
at Pomeroi before Mr. Plants left for the
city of Columbus, but indisposition and
the bad state of the roads prevented us.
We contemplate writing to him, however,
but we should have been better pleased to
have seen and conversed with him on a
subject of some importance, than to have
been put to the labor of writing, for we
can use our tongue with more celerity
than we can handle the quill. But, not-
withstanding our bungling manner in clas-
sifying words and committing errors in
grammar, we will write to him and re-
quest him to introduce a "Bill," and try
hard, too, to have it pass and become a law,
for the prevention of creek and water-courses.

It is admitted, we believe, on all sides,
that the great damage we sustained in the
loss of bridges, by the freshets of the 26th
of May last, was owing to the accumula-
tion of "drift-wood" in our water-courses,
and not to the height of the water alone.

There has been too much timber chopped
and thrown into the creeks for the last
eight or ten years. It has been pretty
well cleaned out by the high freshets of
the past season, and now is the time to do
something to prevent a similar calamity
to the one we have sustained the past sea-
son. "An ounce of preventive is worth a
pound of cure." We are not clothed with
Executive power or patronage, but, as Mr.
Van Buren would say in his messages,
"we would most respectfully call the at-
tention of (not Congress,) the tax-paying
sovereigns to this subject."

We have heard nothing, as yet, from the
Editor-in-chief since he left Athens, but
we have read his three letters in the Tele-
graph with some interest and pleasure, and
we must acknowledge we were highly
amused at the mistakes he made, and his
fun; and, as we are, just at this time, in
fine humor, he, and you too, must indulge
us in being a little funny likewise. We
think it somewhat strange that he should
have taken the Steamer "Liberty," and
gone down stream, when he designed
boarding the "Courier" and going up.

We think, was taking a little too much li-
berty for a man of his acknowledged mod-
esty and temperance habits. But, if he
were a drinking man we might forgive such
liberty. We cannot do it in his case, yet
we are disposed to overlook the mistake in
part, as it was the day after "Christmas,"
and some people are apt to be a little thick-
headed and drowsy about such time in the
year. But, it appears, that he felt dis-

posed to make some atonement for the
liberty he had taken in going down stream,
for we find by reading his third letter, that
he took the liberty and went up to Athens,
a little distance back of the hill from
Pomeroi where he started from. He,
like a hero, whom hounds and horn pursue,
Pursued to the place, from whence at first he flew.

Wonder what took him to Athens? Any
legal business on hand? Any m—l busi-
ness under consideration? Pshaw—sit on
such crooked questions.

This is the very best world to live in,
To tend or to spend or to give in,
And to get a fine lady we all have to own
It is the very best world that ever was known.
He seems to be at a loss to account, and
thinks it "a curious circumstance" that
nature has so arranged her handy-work as
to have "the rivers to run close by the
principal towns," "no doubt" if he would
take "a glance at Geography and the re-
port of travelers," he would think it "a
curious circumstance" that steamers and
rail cars are so arranged that they could
take some men around "Robin Hood's
barn," past "flourishing city or town" to
—but never mind we'll tell the bal-
ance in our next epistle.

There is a charm attached to our old
haunts and associations that will not leave
us; we revisit them in our dreams, and
sometimes in person with warm hearts and
outstretched arms—this is all right, so we
write. He thinks it was "a singularity
that there were no ladies on the boat from
Pomeroi to Cincinnati." If he knew as
much about this as we do, he would think it
no "singularity" at all. The "ladies,"
mamma, for aught we know, knew that
there a certain fine, modest, unassum-
ing gentleman on board, and fearing that
he might captivate them, kept them at
home. "Why, how could they?" do other-
wise? We find that he was more fortu-
nate, however, "on the R. R., a belle or
two of the colored persuasion honored" with
their presence for a short distance,
but no others. "Dark and gloomy ride
that. Well, we read somewhere, we believe
in Hudibras, "Our likenesses make us won-
derous kind." We don't contemplate by this
intention, to insinuate anything like
color or rotundity, but only—but—but—
confound the word; we can't think just
now what kind of a word to put in here—
but never mind, the "doos" will find that
out next fall.

To be serious now, about matters and
things, we hope our friend, that is, the
aforesaid Editor, has arrived safe and
sound at Columbus, after his visit to
Athens, and his beholding the "sparkling
eyes and rose tints" of the person that
gave him "an explanation," and that he is
safely seated in that costly stone building
—not the stone building above the bridge;
we don't mean it, for by going there he
would have to go up stream. Oh talking
or writing about "bridges" reminds us of
the "stone-bridge" at Pomeroi. Have
they got it repaired yet? We think we
hear you answer this question in thunder
tones—no.

Confound the bridge, what made it fall?
Why, the arch gave way, and then the wall,
The arch took sick with a crushing spasm,
And then collapsed, and left a chasm.
This, we believe, is the only reason.
What we can give, tho' out of season.
What's to be done, do you wish to know it?
Why, build a new one, so says the poet,
Make a ten foot fill, then build with rocks,
And not repair with wooden blocks,
Rocks are plenty, and timber scarce,
Cash abundant, and people fierce